THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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Waw Waw Tradition Founded on Hiawatha

1941-42 UNION BUDGET SUFFERS DRASTIC CUT

Pressure of Wartime Economy Causes Natural Decrease of Union Income This Season

Gateway, Year Book and University Rink Have Budgets Set Over for Further Examination

COUNCIL MEETING HELD SATURDAY

Many Committees Set Up

The budget for the coming year was reviewed at the last meeting of the Students' Union last Saturday afternoon. Because of the increasing pressure of war-time economy, and the resulting natural decrease of income to the Union this year, it was found necessary to curtail the individual budgets of different campus organizations.

Outside income this year from fees amounts to approximately $9,743. The amount of the budget total as originally entered was $10,000. In order to obtain the desired $600 surplus, and reduce the proposed excess expenditure of $300, a total of $900 must be cut off the budget this year.

Following the examination of the various reports, several committees were set up in order that the operation of several campus organizations could be investigated with a view towards cutting out all unnecessary expense which might exist. A committee to investigate the operation of the University Rink was organized with L. Lebel as chairman, and assisted by Don McCormick and D. Elefthery.

Similarly, a committee of examine the organization of the Year Book was set up, with Max Stewart as chairman, and including Marg Willox, Bob Torrance, Don McCormick and Edge King. The Gateway budget was referred for further examination to the executive Council, consisting of Bob Macbeth, Don McCormick, Marg Willox, and Max Stewart.

Budgets were accepted from the Men's Athletic Association, the Women's Athletic Association, the Literary Association, and the Students' Union general. In addition, the War Services Committee was organized, including Gladys Vickery, Helen Warnock, Bob Torrance, René Boileau, Graham Campbell and Don Johnston.

Club Organizes Makeup Course To Aid Drama

Maldwyn Jones is Supervising Class

PLAYS PROGRESSING

Inauguration of a new feature of the Dramatic Society was begun on Saturday afternoon when several enthusiasts met in the Arts Building to begin a course in theatre make-up under the direction of Mr. E. Maldwyn Jones. Purpose of the club is to teach those interested the principles of make-up, and a committee of about eight or ten people, who are not taking part in plays, but who are interested in dramatics, has been formed to look after the make-up for both the Interyear Play competitions and the Spring Play. This does not bar anyone else from taking the course. The club is open to everyone, and if any of those who are taking part in plays, and would still like to do their own makeup, are anxious to learn, they are urged to turn out to all meetings. Time and place for these meetings will appear on the dramatic society notice board in the Arts rotunda.

A play reading group in connection with the Dramatic Society will be set up very soon, if enough interest warrants it. Although the Students' Council did not pass the play reading item on the Dramatic Society's budget, the executive feels sure that enough books can be procured from overtown libraries to supply readers. Another item on the Dramat budget which was not accepted by Council was the furnishing of the Dramatic Club rooms. These items are not really necessary, and the Council felt they could not afford unnecessary items on the budget this year.

Casts for the Interyear Plays have been finally completed, and the plays are well under way, with rehearsals in every one at least three times a week if not more. The Freshman play will be "Overtones," not "Crabbed Youth and Age," as formerly announced. Their director will be Orville Stratte, and the cast will include Hazel Moore, Berry Austin, Marguerite Jones, Marguerite Hayes.

The Sophomore class is the same as before, with George Hardy directing "John Doe," and his cast includes Don Thornton, Bus Osborne, Bud Eggenberger, Jack Sheinin, John C. Dubetta, and Mary Bowstead.

Bob Black reports that his cast has finally been completed, and that "Hands Across the Sea," by Noel Coward, will be a great success. The parts in this play will be portrayed by Evelyn Johnston, Ron Goodison, Norma Coburn, Alon Johnson, Jim Woods, Marylin Diamond and Secord Jackson.

The Senior play is well advanced, as their cast has been decided from the very first tryout. John Aitken, director, seems very hopeful that his cast of three, Queena Wershof, Billy Carr and Corwin Pine, will make a good job of the play.

Armistice Day Named Holiday

It has been announced by the Registrar's office that Tuesday, Nov. 11th, is a holiday at the University, and all lectures and labs have been cancelled for this day of remembrance. Armistice Day has always been a holiday at this University, and this year will see the same feature on the campus, despite the fact that the country is at war. For this reason there will be no Tuesday Gateway next week.

Year Book Policy Is Outlined By The Director

"Accuracy and editing will constitute the cornerstones of Evergreen and Gold policy this year," said Ross Alger, director, in an interview Monday.

"Every attempt will be made to insure the early publication of the current volume and with the aid and co-operation of the student body, Evergreen and Gold should make its appearance on the campus by the middle of April."

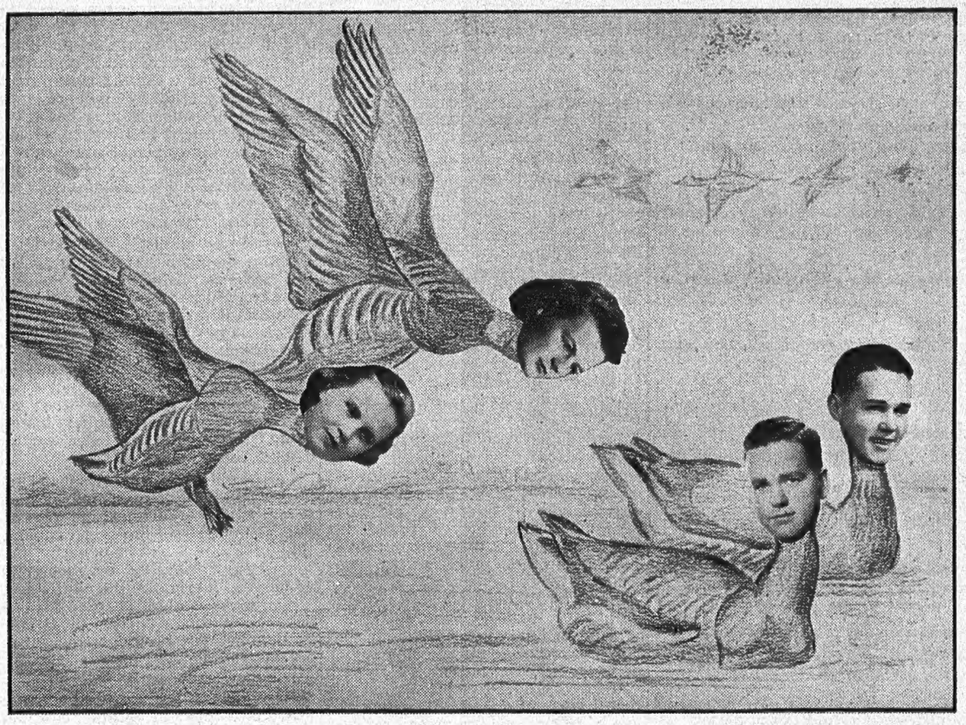
The Director pointed out that it is on the student section that success depends; that if all pictures are in and arranged into class lay-outs by Christmas, the greater part of the work is done. From there on the main worry is editing, a task which can be left entirely to the staff. Although the Director expressed his desire to have all students included in the publication, he stressed the point that the Year Book this year is being conducted on a purely business-like and automatic basis; co-operation of all is asked, but beyond that the staff will not go. If students miss the deadline for photos the staff will have no hesitation in disregarding such photos. This drastic policy is being pursued in the interest of the students who demand that the book make its appearance before the end of the term.

Speaking of the progress on the book to date Ross Alger said that it had already commenced and they were well on in design. This year's staff is larger than before, and full personnel will be announced at a later date. Furthermore, the director pointed out that the Year Book was given much more publicity this year through the Evergreen and Gold column in The Gateway, The Gateway ads and the notice boards.

As in previous years photographers and photos are needed. Any one desiring to get in touch with the director about anything will be able to find him in the new Year Book office in Arts 256, the old C.O.T.C. rooms behind Convocation Hall.

Asked what effect the war would have on Evergreen and Gold, Mr. Alger said the book would be as big as ever, and he added, "we hope, better."

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER



Goose-investigators MacPhail and Jackson track down a couple of propaganders. Winging down in a wicked swoop, we see them just about to take the Ganders-in-Chief Boileau into custody. It is rumored that the place of incarceration will be Tuck Shop. They will no doubt be given only cokes to sustain them.

Hundreds Dance to Evan Wolfe's Orchestra At Saturday House Dance Hallowe'en Party

Elimination Dance, Favors, Free Cokes

Tripping the light fantastic to the strains of Evan Wolfe's orchestra, some two hundred students and their friends were entertained in true style at the annual Hallowe'en House Dance on Saturday evening in Convocation Hall. Free cokes were distributed at intermission, and seemed well appreciated. Following this "light supper," dancers received a large selection of novelties when members of the House Committee threw ballons, whistles, paper caps and streamers from the stage. During the evening an elimination dance was conducted by Dave Davies, who plays the trumpet, and Marvyn Jacque and some fair friend were the winners of the affair, although there was some controversy among those watching as to whether the young lady was wearing brown shoes, because everyone wearing brown shoes had been ordered off the floor. Some onlookers still maintain her shoes were a chocolate brown, and so——

This week's house dance will take the form of a "Waw waw" or "Wild Goose Special," and then the girls will have a chance to show the boys how to jitterbug.

Debate Team Now Entered

Heated competition for possession of the interfac debating trophy will soon begin again after a year's absence from student life at U. of A. Teams have been entered representing most of the faculties, but as yet the usually ever-present Engineers have not tried to enter a team.

In the meantime, the executive of the Debating Society is planning a campaign to reveal some debaters for the intervarsity debates, which will take place early in the new year, and it is hoped that this year U. of A. will field two teams that will bring home the McGoun trophy. Anyone interested in this competition is asked to contact Jim Ross or Gene Labrie at the earliest possible date.

NOTICE

Members of the Faculty desiring to renew their Gateway subscriptions, Phone 31155.

Soldiers Are Co-ed Guests

Forty House Ec. co-eds were hostesses to members of the armed services at the United Services of Y.M.C.A. clubs Wednesday evening. Patronesses for the affair were Mrs. S. Johnstone and Mrs. Francis Owen.

The proverbial attraction of khaki, air force and navy blue led the girls to the downtown hostess house. Prejudice of co-eds inclined them towards a certain service and certain ranks. The girls made full use of the military vocabulary they have picked up at their parades, and with it obtained a very enjoyable evening.

NOTICE

Applications are still being received for the position of advertising solicitor on The Gateway. All applicants should apply to the Business Manager, Gateway Office, Room v51 Arts Building, within the next week.

WILLIAM E. MARTIN.

Orders of the Day

Strength Increase:

All members of the W.A.W.S. who desire to go on "active duty" during Waw Waw Weekend are urged, for the next couple of nights, to retire early so that they may be in good physical condition for the strenuous manoeuvres to be held November 6th, 7th, 8th.

Strength Decrease:

All ranks and their friends will discover that much strength will be lost in the "war days." The battle must go on.

Parades:

Thursday Evening (1900 hours) (7:00 p.m.): A parade will be held for all officers and other ranks and their companions at the Silver Glade Roller Skating Rink. All will report at 1900 hours sharp in order to procure skates before the arrival of uninvited citizens and civilians.

For those who do not wish to attend the roller parade, a "theatre parade" will be held the same evening. You are urged to gather into private companies and to proceed at your own time to your favorite theatre.

Dress orders for all who parade at the roller skating rink will include the regular fatigue uniform: oldest clothes and older stockings, and all women are urged to wear low-heeled shoes.

Friday Evening: You may spend your evening studying "war technique" either individually or in companies. The subject to be studied may be chosen by the privates themselves. And the officers.

Saturday Afternoon:

Morale of the army will be greatly uplifted by the swing concert to be held in Convocation Hall, starting at 1 p.m. You are all aware of the program "Matinee in Swing" presented over CJCA each Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Arrangements have been made with the sponsor to have the program broadcast from Convocation Hall. This will last for one hour. Immediately after, all geese and ganders will hear a real swing session with boys from Evan Wolfe's orchestra combined with boys from the orchestra at The Barn. Besides, a snappy little concert has been arranged. All geese and ganders will attend this parade, where admission will be 15c a bird. Those who are not fortunate enough to receive a bid are, nevertheless, urged to attend the parade to hear some really good music.

Swing and Sway with the U. of A.

Saturday Evening—2030 hours (8:30 p.m.):

All ranks and chosen companies will gather in Convocation Hall for a "Wild Goose Dance" from 2030 hours until 2350 hours. The admission price will be determined by the size of your "gander's neck." Each inch of neck will cost 5c. The evening will be a gala, joyous one with all sorts of amusing manoeuvres planned. No absence cards will be accepted.

Remarks:

"Soldier geese," we wish to show our friends the "ganders" that we are generous. Therefore, all monetary matters will be settled by the geese. It should be understood that all monies collected from these affairs will be turned over to the War Services Committee set up by the Students' Council.

Carry on, geese.

ARTHUR F. BOILEAU,
L. SECORD JACKSON, Adjutants.

G. RENE BOILEAU,
Gander in Command.

Longfellow Tells of Wild Goose; Probable Ancestor Of Varsity's Waw Waws

Swing Concert Saturday Afternoon in Convocation Hall to be Broadcast—Dance Planned for Evening

WAW WAW'S BACK IN TOWN

All Go Roller Skating Coming Thursday Evening

"Should you ask where Nawadaha . . .
Found these legends and traditions . . .
All the wild-fowl sang them to him . . .
Mahng the loon, the wild goose, Wawa . . ."
—The Song of Hiawatha.

"And what, may I ask," says the Freshman, "is Wawa Weekend? In fact, what is Wawa?—it sounds like double-talk to me."

"Well," I says, "it's this way. Wawa is a wild goose, see? Beginning next Thursday, any female at all can make a date with you under the name of Wawa."

"Sure," he says, cynically, "so I suppose I spread my pretty wings and fly away over the Arts Building, honking with joy. And in hunting season, too—that's not for me."

"No you don't get it," I says, patiently. "Besides it's against the law to fly low over the city. Can't you imagine some beautiful co-ed taking you to Tuck, or a show or something free of charge?"

At this, he suddenly looks interested, and leans toward me breathlessly.

"Am I to infer," he says, his voice choked with emotion, "that some beautiful female takes me out at her own expense?"

I nod my head quickly and move out of range, as he looks like he's going to burst a blood vessel.

"Brother," he breathes excitedly, "now you're cooking with gas."

"That's not all," I continue. "Furthermore, all the proceeds go to the War Services Fund."

And so I went on to explain what has been planned for the momentous occasion. On Thursday night, a roller skating party is to be held at the Silver Glade Roller Skating Rink. WaWas and their dates are advised to arrive early, as the rink opens at 7:00 o'clock, and the number of skates available is limited.

On Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock the regular Saturday afternoon Swing Session broadcast over CJCA will take place in Convocation Hall. Following this, Evan Wolfe and his jive crew will take over and continue for more solid sending during the afternoon. To round off the week-end, the regular House Dance in Convocation Hall on Saturday night will be given over to the Wild Geese and their Ganders.

At this point the Freshman was very enthusiastic, and ran down the hall flapping his arms and honking at the top of his voice.

That's Wawa Weekend.

Mr. Pat Conroy Speaks on Labor

On Wednesday, Nov. 5th, Mr. Pat Conroy, Secretary of the Canadian Congress of Labor, will address an open meeting of the Political Science Club in Med. 142 at 8:15 p.m. His subject will be "Labor and the War," and the address will be followed by an open forum period of questions and discussion.

Mr. Conroy was active in the formation of the new Canadian Congress of Labor, which has become one of the leading labor organizations in Canada within the last two years. It has grown rapidly until now nearly all of Canada's 370,000 union members belong to either the Trades and Labor Congress or the "Canadian Labor Congress." These two correspond roughly to the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O. in the United States. Like the C.I.O., the Canadian Labor Congress demands compulsory collective bargaining, and is bringing ever-increasing pressure to bear on the government to promote such legislation.

Mr. Conroy was active in the United Mine Workers of America for many years. This, and the C.I.O. organizations in Canada, were the largest groups which went into the formation of the Canadian Labor Congress. When the large organization came into being in 1940, he became its first vice-president, and late last summer he assumed new duties as secretary.

His account of labor's position in the Canadian war effort should be both interesting and instructive, and all students are invited to attend and take part in the open forum question period which will follow Mr. Conroy's address.

NOTICE

Starting Nov. 5, the University Choir, under the direction of Ottomar Cypris, will give its first recital of secular and sacred music at 8:30 p.m. over CKUA. This broadcast is to take the place of last year's Student Varieties, and will be heard every two weeks.

Co-eds Making Christmas Cakes For Overseas

Aim at Baking 180 Cakes; Work Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays

MISS MacINTYRE IN CHARGE

Whirr, whirr! buzzed the sewing machines; Click, click; sounded the typewriters! Zip, zip! sang the scissors, as a group of busy co-eds bustled about in the House Ec. Lab. Wednesday night baking cakes for the soldiers. Some were employed in stitching up cotton covers for the tins, while others typed labels to be pasted on the sides. The more "kitchen minded" of the crew rolled up their sleeves and chopped almonds, pineapple and all those other bright little tidbits one spies inside a Christmas cake.

The girls, according to Miss Hazel MacIntyre, are really taking the job seriously this year. "They feel that the task is theirs to do," explained this energetic supervisor of the project, "and they are truly assuming the responsibility of carrying it out to a successful finish." Last year Miss MacIntyre felt that the girls were merely helping in the task because it was just one more thing which had to be done.

The industrious aim of the group is to bake 180 cakes. In fact, Miss Christine Willox, who is in charge of the washing and lining of the coffee tins, has already prepared tins for more than that number. Most of the co-eds who have volunteered their assistance are those who intend to follow on with Red Cross work after the military drill has been halted for the winter. However, other girls have also volunteered because, as Miss MacIntyre remarked, "they just want to." All the girls are keeping track of the hours they work, that this time may be chalked up in their favor in the Women's Military Service.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday are the days chosen for baking. And anyone taking a peep into the cooking rooms of the House Ec. Lab on one of these days would emerge with a queer feeling in the region of the stomach, something like that felt in an 11 o'clock lecture, when dinnertime feels so close, and yet, oh, so far away! For laid out in delectable rows in one of the labs, amid a jumble of HCl bottles, are big heaps of huge, scrumptious raisins. Standing ready for the electric mincers in another room are pailfuls of chopped citron peel and glaced cherries. "The girls were saved a lot of trouble this year," put forth Miss MacIntyre, "by buying peel already chopped." In charge of this fruit branch of the project is Miss Alma Ripley.

November 10 is the mailing date for the cakes. And if Little Jack Horner stuck his inquisitive thumb into one of them, he'd pull out the biggest handful of raisins to be found in any confection!

Budget Meeting Next Saturday

Annual budget meeting of the Students' Union will be held in Convocation Hall next Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, when all lectures will be cancelled for the occasion. The 1941-42 budget will be discussed in detail, and students will be given the opportunity to give their opinions on any item.

Dr. Robert Newton, Acting President of the University, will address the students prior to discussion of the budget. All students must attend this meeting.

Official Year Book Studios: Alberta, Castor, Goertz, McDermid, Reeves. Have you read the E. and G. column appearing elswhere in this issue? Schedule: Sophs and Juniors, Nov. 15; Seniors, Nov. 30.

THE GATEWAY

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WITH the consent of the University authorities, the Students' Council has decided that Thursday, Friday and Saturday be set aside as Waw Waw Weekend. Only two authorized social functions are to be held: a swing concert Saturday afternoon and a dance Saturday evening. An informal roller skating party is also planned for Thursday night. All dates during these three days are to be made by co-eds.

WAW WAW WEEKEND

The student body appreciates the co-operation shown by the authorities in arranging this occasion. When students are treated with confidence, it can be expected that they will act according to the confidence placed in them.

ALTHOUGH this year's class elections left much to be desired, they were nevertheless an improvement over last year's. You may recall that last season the secretary, after asking for nominations, found that only two positions were to be contested and that for five positions there were no nominations at all. He thereupon cancelled nominations, and asked that new ones be made. Some enthusiasm developed, and there was quite a good election. This year all positions save two were contested. Moreover, the number of voters compares favorably with last year—630 then voted in comparison to 525 this year. This decrease of 105 votes is roughly in proportion to the decrease in registration. This year there was no nomination fiasco; as large a percentage cast their ballots without an adrenalin shot of enthusiasm like that of last season.

CLASS ELECTIONS

It would be an exaggeration to say that support of class elections was satisfactory. For it was not. No election is satisfactory in which only 50 per cent. of those franchised vote.

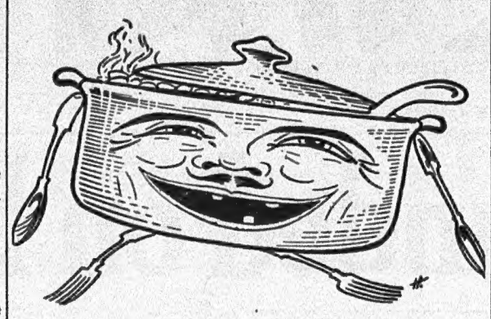
What are the causes of this general lack of interest in class elections? In the eyes of the student body, the various class executives bear relatively unimportant responsibilities. According to regulations, they are to ensure class representation in the Year Book, plan social functions, and organize the Interyear plays. The Senor executive has to arrange activities for graduation week. In reality, the only big jobs that the executives, other than the Senior, have are to plan the annual class dances. In the eyes of students, class executives are dance executives. It is to be expected that students show less enthusiasm over the filling of these secondary positions than positions on such a body as the Students' Council. Members of Council have really difficult duties to perform, and the way they handle their offices are of direct concern to students. Students rise to the occasion, and on election day a high percentage cast their ballots. Student spirit is not then lacking.

If we wish to increase student interest in elections which they feel to be of minor importance, the only thing to do is to stage lively campaigns. But candidates are reluctant to spend the necessary time and money ballyhooing for secondary positions. Heated compaigns for positions lacking real power are to them ridiculous. The best to be hoped for is a moderate increase in interest by those nominated and by those who are to do the voting.

Then there are other reasons why class elections have not received sufficient support. Voting was only in the Arts Building. Had there been another poll in the Medical Building many more in dentistry and medicine might have voted. Again, there has arisen on the part of some a feeling that the elections are "cooked," that nominations are by faculties, and that voting is by faculty blocks. This criticism was correct last year, for at that time one faculty openly planned to place its members on the executive. And it succeeded pretty well in so doing. It is only natural that smaller faculties will lose interest in such elections. This year voting by faculties was of minor importance, and it is hoped that the practice will disappear.

A general criticism of this year's elections may be made. All members of the executives except three are men students. On executives where the only real task is to arrange social functions, co-eds should have more representation. In the future, students should ensure the election of an adequate number of co-eds.

CASSEROLE



Jack and Jill went to the dance,
A-drinking rum and porter;
They got so drink they did some things
They really hadn't orter.

* * * *

The adjuster was questioning a negro woman about her husband's death.

"Mammy, did your husband leave a will?"

"Yassah, boss, pointing to a black urchin, "Will Junior."

* * * *

He was poor and honest; she was rich and a beauty. He had just proposed and been refused.

"Why, you couldn't even dress me," she said.

"So what! I could learn."

* * * *

For Sale: New baby carriage bought in error; never been used; too busy with politics.

* * * *

In the matter of powder the girl usually has it all over the man.

* * * *

"Do you know the shortest bed-time story ever told?"

"No."

* * * *

"Was it much of a necking party?"

"Was it! Before the dance the hostess announced, 'Everyone chews his partner'."

* * * *

She was only a photographer's daughters, but boy, could she expose!

Advice to Kamera Fiends: Many a negative woman has been developed in the dark.

* * * *

Stude—So your brother tried for a government job. What is he doing now?

Dent—Nothing. He got the job.

* * * *

"Don't you pity a girl who's afraid of the dark?"

"Yes, I can't help feeling for her."

* * * *

Long skirts are just like prohibition—the joints are still there, but they are harder to find.

* * * *

Good Old U. of A.

Magistrate—Tell me, young man, just how did this accident occur?

Student—Well, your honor, I had dimmed my lights and was hugging the curve——"

Magistrate—That's how most accidents occur. Five dollars.

Editorial Squibs

The time has come for all good councillors to cut budgets. Having found that total expenditures exceeded total receipts, members of Council proceeded to pare down budgets to the bone. There are numerous causes for reducing expenditures. In the first place, income has fallen as registration has fallen, and in the second place class fees have been eliminated. All monies budgeted for parties by the various campus organizations were eliminated as a measure of economy in these extraordinary times.

It is a good sign to see the support that proposals for a really well managed interfactulty hockey league are receiving on the campus. A good interfac league permits more students to get something out of organized sport.

Signs of the times: Wild geese almost as common as "V" for Victory. And we still wonder how Waw Waw is going to mix with November quizzes.

Council recently appointed Jack Sinclair to take charge of Central Check. He is authorized to control the issue of all equipment. Members of Council expressed the hope that all will co-operate with him in ensuring the return of all articles issued.

It is still possible to identify those who took training at Gordon Head officers' training centre. The method: their haircuts. Some like their eight-ball trims so well that they have had repeat orders.

C.O.T.C. SWEAT SHIRTS $1.40
ATHLETIC SUPPORTS 75c
These are sold regularly at $1.25
Watch for our Sale of Books about November, 10th
THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

the better things --from other U's

The Mummery

By JABEZ
From The Ubyssey

Exactly twenty-one years ago today, a tiny bundle was placed gently in the arms of an eagerly waiting father. For a moment the father stared down at the bundle, his face a mass of conflicting emotions. Then he gave a hoarse shout.

"It's a Lionel!" he cried, and stumbled out into the night.

Whether or not it is true that his father pronounced only the first syllable of his name in that tense scene, the fact remains that Lionel (Slushpump) Sale, genial Pub patriarch and Hotem factotum, today attained his majority.

Asked to comment on his achievement, Salt displayed a winning false modesty.

"Any red-blooded man would have done the same in my place," stated Salt. "Wanna buy a Totem?"

Contrary to popular belief, Salt was born quite young. It was not until he was ten, however, that the child first showed signs of a malignant precociousness. While tucking him into his crib one evening, his mother discovered hidden under the sheets several racing forms and a box of cigars.

Salt's father, usually a kindly man, was enraged to find that his offspring was smoking a better brand of cigars than he was, besides picking winners in five races at Saratoga, and threatened to thrash his son soundly. Whereupon little Lionel, always quick-witted, was heard to say:

"Beat me, Daddy, but eight to the bar!"

This was the first intimation that Salt was to become the Deems Taylor of Lower Beatty Street.

It might also be mentioned at this point that, after Saul reached the age of fifteen, nobody ever beat him to any bar, unless the floor was freshly waxed.

For three years the youthful Salt conscientiously studied Hindustani, but gave it up upon discovering that it was different from English.

It was then that he turned definitely to music for inspiration, quickly mastering the phonograph and radio, and becoming generally known as the Heifetz of the jukebox.

It is difficult to say just when he assumed the position of authority he enjoys today in matters concerning the mechanized hysteria that is modern music. It is well known, of course, that he was the only critic on the Pacific slope able to distinguish "The She-left-me on-the-Hoboken-ferry, No. 7," from "The She-left-me-on-the-Hoboken-ferry Blues, No. 8," a feat all the more remarkable since the composer recently broke down and confessed that they were one and the same piece.

Proof that Lionel is completely trap-happy was furnished by a recent ugly incident in a down-town theatre. One of the more cataclysmic swing bands was clogging the screen with jam, whe, in the middle of a number, Mr. Salt was observed to start hitting the woman sitting in front of him violently over the head, simultaneously roaring:

"Cut me a slice, Momma!"

Alternating this suggestion with:

"Hit me, brother, and watch me bounce!"

Mr. Salt was bounced almost immediately, despite the efforts of friends to make clear his meaning.

Then at last tragedy struck into the life of our hero. While en route to Victoria for the annual Invasion, Salt's appendix decided it needed an outing. Foced with the prospect f being forced to spend two weeks in Victoria, without being inoculated for sleeping sickness, Salt tried desperately to make the skipper change his course, but to no avail.

"Somebody's got to wave at the girls at Galiano," explained the captain.

So some hours later Salt found himself stretched out on an operating table, fidgetting nervously.

"I suppose you boys have heard about anesthesia?" he asked the attending doctors. "Or are you still waiting for the flash?"

One of the surgeons laughed.

"This is Victoria, son," he chuckled. "Just take two deep breaths and you won't feel a thing."

Anyone who doubts this story can call in at the Pub and demand to see Salt's operation (after putting down a buck on a Totem).

(Continued on Page Four)

An Apology For Egotists

By SSS
From The Sheaf

One of the minor forms of hypocrisy to which we are continually exposed is the persistent modesty of our fellow men. This affected humility which the ancients raised to the dignity of a virtue is the only one of all the virtues that anybody has taken seriously, and it undoubtedly is the least significant of them all. Perhaps that accounts for its well nigh universal popularity. Whatever it is I know that whenever a number of people are grouped together for any length of time one is confronted with the spectacle of intelligent men and women struggling frantically into a more or less successful imitation of Uriah Heep.

There should be an end put to all this nonsense, if for no other reason than to eliminate one more manifestation of dishonesty in the world. People do not truthfully believe that they are as devoid of merit as they let on—just accuse someeone of his assumed deficiencies and note the response. And to pretend that we do not enjoy having bouquets tossed at us from all sides for some worthy deed is being just plain silly.

One could well ask now just what is this modesty for which everyone seems to have such a high regard. Schopenhauer has the best explanation of all. "What is modesty but hypocritical humility by means of which, in a world swelling with envy, a man seeks to obtain pardon for excellences and merits from those who have none." It hardly seems worth all the trouble, does it?

Another disturbing fact to consider is that only the mediocrity who accomplish next to nothing, consider it necessary to apologize for what they have done. The boys who really do things in a big way and who have least provocation of all to advertise themselves are continually telling an already well informed world about the splendor of their creations.

Take our friend Bernard Shaw, he has proclaimed on more than one occasion that he is the greatest man who ever lived. Eugene O'Neill, another playwright, was once caught trespassing on a forbidden part of a ship. The captain quietly ordered him off. O'Neill replied haughtily that such regulations should hardly apply to the "greatest living dramatist in the world." Oscar Wilde, the Irish wit, was once adviseed to make a few alterations in one of his plays. He refused, asking loftily, "Who am I to tamper with a masterpiece?" Whistler the artist was told one day that there was a visitor at his door. He said that he could come in only if he answered correctly, "Who is the greatest artist of all times?" The wise visitor replied, "James McNeil Whistler," and was promptly admitted to the master. Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, prefaced one of his books with these words: "This is a highly coherent structure of original thought, clearly intelli-

CRIMINAL SUMMONS

In the Court of Cummings Field, in and for the University of Utah, State of Utah.

Honorable Representatives of the Bar
Plaintiff
vs.
The Friends of the Undertakers
Defendant
} SUMMONS

Whereas, you, the above named defendant, have wilfully, unlawfully, and in breach of the campus peace stolen the sacred victory cup, which by right of res ipsa loquitar, detinue, the Statue of James 11, de donis conditionalibus, escheat, estoppel, Westminster the 11, adverse possession, and the statute of frauds belongs to the plaintiff;

Whereas, at diverse and sundry times you have and do irritate the most honorable plaintiffs by your very existence;

Whereas, you have been guilty of the malicious destruction of public property, to wit: alley cats;

Whereas it is expedient at this time to forever quiet title to above mentioned cup;

You are hereby summoned to appear and defend the above entitled action in the above mentioned court in a contest of strength, to wit: a game of football! Trial is set for November 14, 1941, at 12:00 noon. In case of your failure to appear judgment will be entered against you according to the demand of the plaintiff.

Conceding that the only difference between you, the defendants, and your cadavers is that they had sense enough to lie down, you are hereby authorized to send said cadavers to defend the above entitled action. Certainly none but cadavers will remain in your ranks at the conclusion of said trial anyway! It is suggested you hire a couple of good lawyers to represent you in the action. It is further suggested that you take advantage of the opportunity to default by failure to enter appearance. In any case, it is requested that you turn said cup over to the sheriff to be delivered to the Plaintiff at the conclusion of the above action.

(Signed)
THE BARRISTERS.
—From the Utah Chronicle.

CKUA

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Programs for Week of Nov. 3rd-8th

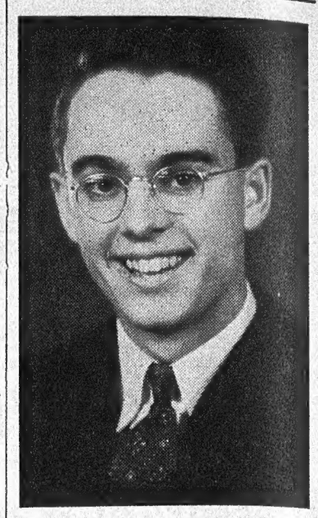
Tuesday, Nov. 4—
3:00—Program resume.
3:15—CBC News and Musical Interlude.
3:30—Wishart Campbell Sings, CBC.
3:45—BBC News.
4:00—Masters of the Piano.
4:30—The Book Chat, Miss Peggy O'Connor.
4:45—Victor Record Album.
5:00—Music.
6:00—Dinner Music.
6:30—Les Concerts Symphoniques De Montreal, CBC.
7:30—Symphony Hour, Shorter Works.
8:00—CBC News.
8:15—Current Events.
8:30—Music of the Ballet.
9:00—"Curtain Going Up," Sydney Risk.
9:15—Chorus Time.
9:30—Theatre Time from Vancouver, CBC.

Wednesday, November 5—
3:00—Program resume.
3:15—CBC News and Musical Interlude.
3:30—Mirror for Women.
3:45—BBC News, CBC.
4:00—Light Orchestral Music.
4:30—Health Period, Miss Grace Weatherilt.
4:45—Operatic Excerpts.
5:00—The Band Entertains.
5:30—Indian Legends.
5:45—Music for the Young.
6:00—Sweet and Mellow, CBC.
6:30—Swing Trio, CBC.
6:45—Janet Jordan, CBC.
7:00—Symphony Hour, Opera.
8:00—CBC News.
8:15—Farm Forum, Schools for Rural Youth.
8:30—University Choir.
9:00—Gateway News.
9:15—Listeners Lure.
9:30—Student Players.

Thursday, November 6—
3:00—Program resume.
3:15—CBC News and Musical Interlude.
3:30—Wishart Campbell, CBC.
3:45—BBC News.
4:00—Violin Virtuoso.
4:30—What Can I Do?
4:45—Victor Record Album.
5:30—Songs and Their Singers.
6:00—Dinner Music.
6:15—Interlude, Elizabeth Reynolds Cameron.
6:30—The Overture.
7:00—Symphony Hour, Masterworks.
8:00—News, CBC.
8:15—Farm Forum.
8:30—The Choristers, CBC.
9:00—French Correspondence Course.
9:15—"Encore."
9:30—Drama Series, Winnipeg, CBC.

Friday, November 7—
3:00—Program resume.
3:15—CBC News and Music Interlude.
3:30—Homemakers Program, CBC.
3:45—BBC News.
4:00—Tenor and Baritone.
4:45—Musical Medley.
5:30—Symphonic Excerpts.
6:00—Serenade for Strings, CBC.
6:30—Drama Series, Montreal.
7:00—Symphony Hour, Requests.
8:00—CBC News.
8:15—Farm Forum, J. W. Boyes.
8:30—South American Serenade, CBC.
9:00—To be announced.
9:15—Piano Interlude.
9:30—Drama from Vancouver, CBC.

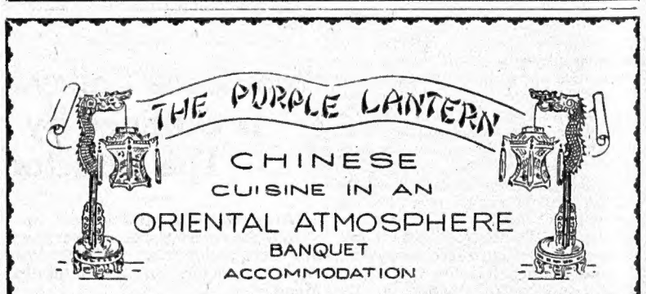
Saturday, November 8—
11:00—Program resume.
11:30—Junior Farm Forum.



BOB BLACK

Director of the Junior Play, "Hands Across the Sea," by Noel Coward. Winner of the Interyear Competition Award last year for his direction of another of Noel Coward's one-act plays, "The Family Album," presented by the Soph class. Recently elected to a position in the Junior class executive in last week's elections.







Features

Hi Ya, Babe! Whatcha' Doin'? Impressions of Varsity Studies

Work, work, work, worry, worry, worry. Ho, hum! So thinks the weary student dragging laggard feet to study. H'mm, let's see now—there's another dose of Latin to do. Better do it first. Gotta hand it in. Dang it. Sure of getting it done, though. Nothing like a subtle (?) kick in the pants to get things done. Gad, no wonder it's a dead language; it'd kill anyone to talk that stuff. No wonder the Romans believed the woman's place was in the home. Who said they were dumb? Got it done. Whoopee. Yeah, but so what?

Boy, is this tiring? Stretch and get up for a walk around the room. They sure do believe in working you.

What time is it? Gosh, too early to go to bed. Better try something else. Let's see—Chem. Gee, I don't know the score. Boy, what writing! I can't read that stuff. Guess I'll have to borrow that smart fellow's notes. Say, he does know his stuff. Wonder how he does it.

What else is there? Ouch, there is an essay due next week. I won't do that, though, lots of time, and besides I don't feel like it anyhow. Oh, yes, there is a question in Math. I couldn't do. Better try it again. Puzzle, puzzle—mind goes in more circles all the time. Just no use. Some say change of subject good idea. Let's try zoo. Nice course, zoo. Such nice frogs we work on. Can't imagine anyone eating the things, though. Wow! what terms; imagine having to learn those things. The terminology—Latin, of course; that accounts for the trouble I have in learning the blamed things. Nope, can't get anywhere in this stuff. Guess my mind just ain't receptive to it, anyway.

Gosh, that guy Chaucer couldn't have been such a bad guy after all. If he had only written in English that a fellow could understand. Boy, that Wife of Bath must have been a hot number. Those pilgrims were smart, too. Priming themselves with corny ale, before going on with their stories.

This ain't getting nowhere. Oh, yes! They say the "fellow who plans his work does not mind the end." By golly, that's logic. He who plans his work. . . . That's the trouble, I just don't plan my work. Let me see—h-m-m, yes, it really is an idea. How should I do it? I'll do this at such and such a time and that . . . Oh, hell, it can't work! I'll have to leave some time for sleep, and I would like to eat once in a while. Nope, that's no good.

Seems to me I heard somebody say something about a change being as good as a rest. That was the way it went, not a change in subjects. A change—of course, why didn't I think of it before? Let's see, dial number 2——.

Hi ya, Babe! Whatcha' doin'?

Fraternities!

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The Origin of Doughnut Holes

The controversy about who first put the holes in doughnuts was settled for the moment by a vote of delegates to the first annual convention of the National Dunking Association at the Hotel Astor. Seventy-five persons were present.

By a 3 to 1 vote, the delegates decided that Captain Hanson Crockett Gregory, of Camden, Me., revolutionized the doughnut baking rules in 1847 by suggesting to his mother that she leaves the centres out. His claim was presented at the convention by his great-grandnephew, Fred Crockett.

Contesting this view was Chief High Eagle of Mashpee, Mass., a member of the Wampanoag tribe. He said that a distant ancestor of his, while chasing a Puritan housewife, shot an arrow that missed her, but hit a round friend cake, putting a hole into it. This, he said, was the first doughnut with a hole in history.

In an attempt to end another bitter controversy in doughnut ranks, the delegates adopted a resolution distinguishing between doughnuts and crullers. The resolution, offered by Alfred L. Plant, vice-president of the association, defines a doughnut as "a circle of cake dough cooked in shortening to a golden brown." A cruller, on the other hand is "an elongated piece of dough, straight or twisted."

Revising the dunking rules for the 1942-43 season, the convention declared that "the democratic nature of dunking" demands that the thumb and forefinger hold the doughnut as usual, but that the other three fingers shall be held together and parallel to the forefinger. This, it was said, avoids the "high hat" appearance of fingers pointing daintily upward.

—New York Times.

Bachelor Girls at College; Two Coeds Give Views on a New Course, Batch 59

First View

This year the enrolment in the course designated at Batch 59 has jumped enormously. It is a course which should be highly recommended to Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors alike. This subject is a full year experimental course in the sciences of trial and error cookery, dusting, scrubbing, and makeshift. It is in no way connected with Household Economics, and most students taking it are the scorn of good House Eccers.

The only prerequisites are a sense of humor and a willingness to try anything once and most things twice. The professor is Dr. Alarm Clock, and his lectures begin at 6:30 a.m. The work comprises one huge experiment during the term with yourself as subject. It is interesting to stand back and observe with a scientific eye what you are going to do next. It is purely a gamble whether or not you come out alive, and if you flunk Batch 59, you will be in such a position that you need not worry whether you flunk your other University courses.

When my room-mate and I signed for the course this fall we were assigned a locker a considerable distance away, and this meant that we had to add an extra subject to our curriculum—Walk 107.

Since registration day we have made more progress in our course in Batch 59 than in Math. 55 and Chem. 58 put together. One of the first things to learn in the course is the proper precipitation of eggs by the application of heat. If improperly precipitated the results will be unacceptable to Dr. Palate and returned for further cooking. Then there is the matter of retardation of the formation of lactic acid in milk. Considerable research will have to be carried out in that direction in this course. The formation of the liquid phase in butter with sunlight as reagent has also proved of considerable interest. Interesting experiments will be carried on also with colloidal solutions—especially sols and gels of the Jack Benny variety.

NaCl is our most troublesome reagent. Every time I put it in the reaction flask containing H_2O plus potatoes, my room-mate protests that I am raising the boiling point, and even mumbles in her sleep about 0.52 degrees. Then there was the time she was conducting an experiment on the effect of heat plus water on carrots, and I put a lid on the reaction flask and threw out her pressure reading in such a way as to make final calculation impossible.

Saturday afternoon is the time when the lab in the part of the course called Wash 65 is conducted. This comprises practical observation of the emulsifying action of Na stearate plus water on the dirt in clothes, floors, woodwork and dishes. During the week used dishes are placed conveniently out of sight in the oven. When Wash 65 lab comes around, careful lab technique is required to open the oven door, or the contents will spill and so run the further carrying out of the experiment. Instead, one will have to transfer to the course Pick-up 101 pieces). Of course, one could skip this annoying lab period, but the apparatus, if not returned to the storeroom (perfectly clean, of course) would hinder with the preparation of the Sunday roast.

That is another matter for trial and error experiment. The best way to get around the difficulty is to ask the "demonstrator" in the butcher shop where purchased the thing. He may laugh at you, but that is immaterial, for if you persist you can obtain the information whether you need to get up at 6:30 Sunday morning to put it on to cook or whether you may get your beauty sleep till 10:30.

Another interesting factor in the experiment is the bed. It is of the variety called couches—with no head nor foot. The chief problem at present is the unequal distribution of blankets in the solution after the reaction gets well under way, due to some disturbing factor as yet undetermined. Also there is the matter of the sudden evaporation of the pillow, and the reaction which occurs when the head is left without support and hangs over the top of the bed.

An integral part of the course is the influence of the environment on character. The most outstanding feature of our environment is The Picture. It is a huge thing, and occupies the greater part of one wall. It consists of a young maiden of the last century or so carefully doling out salt onto the tail of a conveniently immobile bird in the obvious hope of capturing the feathery creature.

That is the dominant factor in the whole room. One example will illustrate the effect on our mental processes. One night when my roommate came home in the wee sma' hours she found me mumbling about the dissociation constant of NaCl and its possible efect on the physiological processes of the feathery tribe. She compassionately turned the innocent maiden with her salt cellar to the wall and led me back to bed, to a beautiful dream about an unknown obtained from the storeroom on which I had to determine the unknown cations, and sure enough that unknown turned out to be a feather. Dreams are like that!

These are the rudiments of the course that we have covered up to the present moment, and I certainly do not regret my registration, as the course is slowly making a woman out of me. I do not envy my friends who are taking Board 32 as an alternative. One of them who is taking the latter course has found herself in man-ifold difficulties, as she is the only girl among six boys, and the Wauneita is coming up.

Therefore, as I go about burning my fingers and experimenting with mixtures of flour, egg, milk and potassium di tartrate, I blithely sing:

B.A. degrees are far away,
But I shall e'er a bachelor be,
And always blithely say,
The bachelor's life for me.

Second View

Note. — Any similarity between characters or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental, and don't ask for their 'phone numbers.

With the advent of the I.T.S. at the University residences, there has come into being (at least in increased quantities) a new sort of life for many students—the bachelor life. Compelled by circumstances to live alone and like it, lump it, or leave it, the bachelor-girl now vies with the bachelor (just plain ordinary garden variety) for top honors in finding the way to a passing mark through one's stomach.

Scouting round here and there we gained the general impression that the whole thing is loads of fun, once you get into the traces. But until then it's nip and tuck (mostly Tuck) for the first few days. However, a few mistakes here and there make life very merry.

Let's take a glimpse at a typical day in the life of two typical bachelor girls. The alarm rings—it never fails to happen—and a heated argument as to who will turn it off brings B.G. 1 and B.G. 2 out of bed in the tussle. With that "make the eight o'clock lecture or else" gleam in her eye, B.G. 2 tackles the coffee. Whoever thought it would be so much trouble? Why, over in Tuck all they do is turn a tap, and there it is. In the meantime B.G. 1 and her shoulder Bob have narrowly missed going up in smoke as she gingerly tried to light the gas. The toast—well, just skip that and mark time until——

Twelve noon, lunch hour. We find B.G. 1 struggling manfully with a can-opener (second best from home) and a tin of delicious noodle soup (no plug). The can-opener sticks. She grits her teeth and twists. Then zoom — can-opener, soup and noodles, inscribe an intricate mosaic on the floor. Well, worse thangs can happen to noodle soup. B.G. 1 and B.G. 2 feast hopefully on pickles, bread and butter.

Come super time, a general dish washing bee is in order unless our two bachelor girls are to eat out of a cream pitcher and B.G. 1's glass-covered photo of Andy Hardy. The tragedy of the whole thing lies in the dish pan. There just isn't any. And have you ever tried washing your cup in a saucer? It requires a balancing act worthy of Houdini.

Let's leave typical B.G's 1 and 2 and typical days, to barge in on a super de luxe special—a day when the folks at home have sent a roast chicken complete with stuffing and all. Yum—that's when the next-door neighbors sniff with envy, and well they might. By this time the budget has been balanced and juggled well enough to include a flapper butterscotch pie, topped with whip cream for an afterthought. And, if reports are true, those butterscotch pies have what it takes to make men happy.

And how about the men? Fare they well on their own cooking? They just don't want to give out with the information—but an occasional break-down gives us tales about pancakes, pancakes and more pancakes. If there is time for it, they may throw together a regular Irish stew.

When all is said and done—there are advantages to runnig your own little home. Think of the experience you get for the future, if you want any. Or, nights when chemistry gets a little dense, you can try out your experiments with $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$ in the chocolate fudge line. Sounds easy, doesn't it?

We close with a bit of poetry by a bachelor girl that survived the strain long enough to dish this out.

"I may not get a bachelor degree,
But ne'er the less a bachelor I shall be,
With credits and cooking down my line
I'll graduate in Bachelor 59."

LOST

Chem. 58 Quan. Analysis Text, Fales & Kenny. Phone 34367. Substantial Reward.

HAROLD PERGAMIT.

Told by Uncle Remus: A Modern Bedtime Story For The Parent

By Corwin Pine

"Well, Rodney, I have a lovely story for you tonight. Once upon a time there was a Princess——"

"Did she have a funny looking hat and stick-out ears, like the one in the news-reel yesterday?"

"No Rodney. This was a beautiful Princess."

"Oh, you mean Princess Elizabeth?"

"Yes, Rodney, a similar model on an older scale. Well, she lived in a great, tall tower——"

"Like the Woolworth and Empire State Buildings?"

"Yes, but oh, much bigger. Now, no one was allowed to visit her but her father, the King. (Thank goodness I don't have to explain what a King is—yet!) One day a handsome young Prince was riding past this tower, and he heard the Princess sighing. He was so charmed by her song that he resolved to marry her, then and there."

"You mean, he resolved, then and there, to marry her."

"(Absurd the way these modern educators start teaching youngsters diction before they are fairly out of their diapers. The youngsters, that is.) At any rate, he went to her father, the King, and asked for her hand in marriage. But the King said, 'First, you must slap the dragon that dwells on yonder mountain'."

"Why, that ought to be easy. Dragons are only about eight inches long and quite harmless. I saw some at the zoo."

"This was a different kind. It was about three blocks long, and it breathed fire."

"What for?"

"Oh, it seemed like a good idea at the time. Now, when the Prince heard the conditions imposed by the King, he consulted the old Sorcerer who lived in the woods. This Sorcerer gave him a magic flute which was guaranteed to make the wearer invisible."

"You don't wear a flute."

"I mean a magic cloak. The Prince took the cloak and set out for the mountain top. On the way he met a giant with a big club——"

"Ted Williams?"

"No, no! This was a real, old-fashioned giant, as big as a house. When he saw the Prince he shouted, 'Fee-fi-fo-fum!' "

"That sounds like what grandpa said the time he cracked his upper plate on a walnut cookie."

"But just as the giant was about to pounce on him, the Prince wrapped himself in his invisible cloak and disappeared. Then he went up to the top of the mountain on his magic carpet and slaughtered the dragon. But as he was climbing down the bean stalk he dropped one of his glass slippers on the stroke of midnight, where it was found by a little peasant girl named Griselda. Griselda took the slipper home to her cruel stepmother, who, disguised as a wolf, lived alone in a gingerbread house. Knocking on the door, she crie, 'Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair!' Whereupon the door was opened by a brave little Dutch lad—the same little Dutch lad who had once stuck his thumb through a hole in the dike and said, 'What a good boy am I.' When Griselda got inside the house, she found nobody there but three bears who growled, 'Who's been sleeping in our porridge?' So she tried the slipper on the biggest bear, but it was too small. Then she tried it on the medium-sized bear, but it was too medium-sized. Finally she tried it on the little bear, who wore a triple A. It fitted perfectly, and the little bear lived happily ever after, crying 'We, wee, wee!' all the way home."

"Maybe it was a French bear."

World War "Fantastic"

E. Phillips Oppenheim, the great novelist knows the ins and outs of international diplomacy. In the early part of 1914 he placed the manuscript of a novel he had just completed in the hands of an American magazine editor who was abroad seeking material. The editor had already contracted Oppenheim for two novels, but the author felt that the editor would not want the one given him to read.

The novel was a sure-fire thriller, but it was **"too fantastic."** Why? It had the British and German armies engaged in a great war, in 1914, the year he had written the novel.

POETRY ('tis said)

There was an old man of Calcutta,
Who coated his tonsils with butta,
Thus converting his snore
From a thunderous roar
To a soft, oleaginous mutta.

NEWMAN CLUB

On Sunday, Nov. 2nd, the Newman Club met at its monthly communion breakfast after mass. The guest of honor was Reverend Father Borsa of the Redemptorist Order, who is preaching the three-day retreat for Catholic students on the campus and at the Normal School.

Year Book Refund Dates

Nov. 4, 5, 6

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THEATRE DIRECTORY

ODEON THEATRES

RIALTO, showing for one week—"Unfinished Business," starring Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery.

AVENUE, now showing—"Buck Privates," starring Abbott and Costello. Nov. 5-7—"Moon Over Burma," starring Dorothy Lamour and Bob Preston, and "Bringing Up Baby," starring Katherine Hepburn and Cary Grant.

ROXY, now showing—"Nice Girl," starring Deanna Durbin and Franchot Tone, and "Give Us Wings," starring the Dead End Kids. Nov. 5-7—"South of Suez," with George Brent and Brenda Marshall, and "Scatterbrain," with Judy Canova and Alan Mowbray.

VARSCONA—Nov. 3-7—"One Night in the Tropics," with Abbott and Costello, and "House of Seven Gables," with Margaret Lindsay.

FAMOUS PLAYERS

CAPITOL, now showing—Errol Flynn, Fred McMurray and Alexis Smith in "Dive Bomber." Wed., Thurs., Fri., Nov. 5-6-7—"My Life With Caroline," Richard Colman and Anna Lee.

STRAND—Tues., Wed., Thurs., Nov. 4-5-6—Roland Young in "Topper Returns," and Bill Elliott in "Return of Daniel Boone."

EMPRESS, now showing until Friday—"Week End in Havana," with Alice Faye, John Payne, Carmen Miranda and Cesar Romero. Added hit, "Down in San Diego."

GARNEAU, now showing—Warner Baxter in "Adam Had Four Sons," also Ellery Queen, "Master Detective," and News.

PRINCESS, now showing—Tyrone Power and Linda Darrell in "Blood and Sand," in technicolor; also "Li'l Abner" from the Comic Strip.

DREAMLAND, now showing—Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan in "Kitty Foyle"; also "Highway West," with Brenda Marshall.

Across The Arts Rotunda With Block And Tackle

Or "The Rover Boys in a Dilemma"

"Oh, oh!" said my friend Gus, "this looks like a tough situation."

We had just come to the edge of the hall, and were now faced with the terrific problem of trying to beat our way across the Arts rotunda through a seething, milling mass of procrastinating students. Truly a problem to chill the heart of the bravest.

"Let's try Play No. 3," I said, grimly pulling on my shoulder pads and deftly pulling my helmet out of my pocket.

"No, that won't work," said Gus through clenched teeth. "Nothing will work but No. 6a."

Quickly we formed into line and waited for the signal to go over the top.

"Five seconds," said Gus, staring at his watch. We waited tensely.

"Let 'em have it," he snarled viciously.

Desperately we tried a line drive through centre. But the crowd was too quick for us. One of them, a hulking Engineer, paused in his conversation, and swung his T-square in a wide arc, catching me behind the ear.

Wearily I picked myself off the coat rack and tried to pry my helmet off. Gus joined me, shaking with rage and confusion.

"We must bring our ingenuity into play," he cried. "Try No. 4."

Quickly I set up my step-ladder, which I carry neatly folded in my vest pocket for such occasions. At the word of command, we mounted it and began to run lightly over the heads of the tightly packed multitude. However, the crowd was not so easily tricked.

A Senior tilted back his head, opened his mouth, and before I could check my onward rush, I had stepped into it, and came crashing down.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume," snarled the Senior, and drop kicked me to the backfield. Soon after, I was joined by Gus, breathless, battered and bewildered.

"I wouldn't mind so much," moaned Gus, "if I was only going to a lecture. But I have a beautiful Tuck date with a Packard waiting for me on the other side. We must not fail, we must get through—neither rain nor sleet, nor fog, nor crowds shall stop these couriers of the fair," he added, brushing aside a tear.

"Well," I said, "now is the time. We must use our super dooper extra vitamin B1 mystery play."

Gus, with a sigh, adroitly uncoiled a length of stout rope with a hook on the end. He whirled it around his head and let it go. With a loud clang it attached itself to the clock hanging from the ceiling. Quickly we anchored the free end to a Freshman, and proceeded up the rope hand over hand above the heads of the angry mob.

Safely perched on the clock, we pulled in the rope and threw the loose end to the other side of the rotunda, still weighted down by the whimpering Freshie. From here it was but a brief struggle to reach our objective.

"Huzza, we done it!" screamed Gus, throwing his gum in the air for joy. "The only men to actually cross the Arts rotunda between periods."

"That's all very well," I cried, "but my coat (costing me $3.49 at Moe Fink's Clothing Palace), I left it back there."

The Rover Boys triumph again.

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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Interfac Hockey League Shows Promise

Hardy Announces McKay Will Be Unable to Play in Pacific Coast Amateur Hockey League

Refuses to Grant Amateur Card—Still Under Contract With Chi Hawks

NOW IN NANAIMO

Dr. W. G. Hardy, president of the C.A.H.A., announced this morning that Dave McKay will be refused an amateur card. Dave is at present in Nanaimo, holding an engineering post with the Nanaimo Duncan Utilities, Limited. He had expected to be able to play in the Pacific Coast Intermediate Amateur League, possibly with the Nanaimo Clippers. But Dr. Hardy's announcement definitely cancels Dave's hopes in this matter.

Dave graduated in engineering here in 1940. He will be remembered on this campus as one of the greatest athletes ever to play on senior hockey and ruby teams. He last played on University of Alberta teams when he was a member of Coach Bill Broadfoot's Golden Bears, and he was throughout the winter a powerful defenseman for the Golden Bears, finalists with Saskatchewan for the Halpenny Trophy.

Dave was largely responsible for the success of Alberta's hockey teams. His grand defensive style and brilliant rushes made him a favorite with the galleries. With the Golden Bears, he was without doubt the hardest hitting man on the squad, and a consistent ground gainer. In recognition of his outstanding record as an athlete he was awarded the Wilson Trophy in two consecutive years.

Last year he carried a defensive assignment with Manager Paul Thompson's Chicago Black Hawks, and was rated one of the best rookies in the National League. Because he is eligible for service in Canada, the Canadian War Services Board refused McKay permission to enter the United States, thus depriving the Hawks of a valuable man.

Badminton Club Begins Season With Tourney

The Badminton Club inaugurated the 1941-42 season with a meeting of members and executive on Friday night. This was followed on Sunday night with a Round Robin Tourney in Athabaska gym. The executive for this season consists of: President, Bert Wilkins; vice-president, Kay Fergie; secretary-treasurer, Jean Hutchinson.

The club continues to grow in popularity, and throughout this season will hold meetings three times a week at the following times: Wednesday, 9:30-11:00 p.m.; Friday, 7:00-11:00 p.m.; Sunday, 6:30-11:00 p.m.

AN APOLOGY

(Continued from Page Two)

gible, vigorous, and not without beauty, a book which will hereafter be the source and occasion of a hundred other books." Friedrich Nietzsche, another philosopher, in some respects tops them all. He solemnly averred that future historians would designate all major historical events as happening "Before Nietzche" or "After Nietzche."

These few examples give you an idea of the attitude of this class of people. But the point I make is that honest though they may be with themselves, such self-approbation is entirely unnecessary. Society gives them their full measure of praise. The average run-of-the-mill citizen as a rule goes unrecognized, simply because his accomplishments are much less spectacular. Trivial as they may appear by comparison they mean every bit as much to him as the greater deeds do to the immortals. And so with their conduct as a precedent and needing no apology other than in the name of honesty, the little man should devote his spare time to publicizing his minor exploits to his friends and accept if not demand the congratulations that are his just reward.

Official Year Book Studios: Alberta, Castor, Goertz, McDermid, Reeves. Have you read the E. and G. column appearing elswhere in this issue? Schedule: Sophs and Juniors, Nov. 15; Seniors, Nov. 30.

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From The Sideline

By BILL HEWSON

Things sporting are slightly at a low ebb this week, and this might account for the haunted look that a certain unfortunate editor has been wearing for the past few days. Rugby is over, that is unless Waw Waw Weekend produces that much announced, often cancelled Med-Aggie game for the championship of the Interfaculty League. Though the Aggies have been generally credited as the team that carry away the battered beer mug, at present emblematic of supremacy in the league, the Meds have hooted this decision from their stronghold in the north-east upper corner of the Medical Building. They feel that they could trim the Agriculturists in a return game, after a rather indecisive 1-0 defeat suffered in their only engagement with the Aggies.

* * * *

Council passed a modified interfaculty hockey budget after an 8½ hour all-night session, the main purpose of which was to slash a budget here and a budget there, so that Treasurer Don McCormick could return a balanced budget. The passing of the interfac hockey budget, however, paves the way for the best interfaculty hockey league ever. And this is no fooling. Council has brought Stan Moher, who has had more to do with the shaping of hockey teams and players around here than any other man, to supervise the league. Stan is a thorough organizer, and has already got his league lined up according to the plan outlined by himself in The Gateway some time ago. Elsewhere on the page will be found a resumé of the hockey stars now in attendance here, and you can bet that with these fellows behind it, the interfaculty hockey circuit will furnish A1 hockey. In fact, the calibre of play can be expected to be much like that found in Edmonton junior teams in past years.

* * * *

The better players will be spread among the teams, so as to create an even balance, and the teams will be coached by such stars as Bruce McKay, Jack Simpson, Jack Quigley and Bud Chesney, under the supervision of Stan Moher.

* * * *

If this all works out, there should be a new high in interfaculty spirit around here and a corresponding increase in the "do or die for dear old school" spirit also.

* * * *

We can't have hockey, however, without a rink. The University, as yet, has made no start on its construction. Students' Council foots the bill for its operation, and the rink budget also was rehashed at the last meeting. Treasurer McCormick, Tom Lebel and Cec Robson have got their heads together, and should arrive at some decision soon. As of last year, the rink will be outdoors and exposed to the rigorous northern blasts, and will be situated in the same place—at the Grid.

* * * *

Girls' basketball teams started practices Monday at 5 o'clock in Athabaska gym. Miss Foskett will be in charge of the practices and coach the teams. Basketball has been rather slow to get under way this season, but now that a start has been made, progress should be rapid.

* * * *

Well, its seems as if the girls of the campus are taking up goose-shooting, as an open season is declared on eligible males this coming Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Waw Waw Weekend is the name that those days will go by, and pre-season gunning is already in evidence.

McGill Increases Student War Fund, Laying Mile of Pennies

OVER $820 REALIZED

Montreal, McGill University (C.U.P.).—The Mile of Pennies campaign realized over $820 as the final inches of the seven lines stretching from the Roddick Gates to the tomb of James McGill were covered at ten after five the other night.

The pennies were swept up into bags, after the banner on the Gates had been torn down with an accompanying McGill yell. The count will be re-checked, and the coppers will be put into rolls today in the union by volunteers. The sum will be turned into the Students' War Fund, which already includes $260 of proceeds from the Military Tatoo held last week.

The idea for the drive originated with Tom Hardwick, the chairman of the Aluminum Salvage Campaign which took place during Freshman Week. It is hoped that at least two, and perhaps three, Bren guns will be purchased with the sum. Whatever is left over will be used to keep up the guns—to supply spare parts, etc.

Jump for Pennies

During the final lap, a stranger drove up to the assembled assistants, and offered a penny for every inch of space over which the best of them could jump. R. Stewart Willis, president of the McGill Union, leaped to win $2.50 more for the drive.

The change booths in the campus buildings were busy until the last minute, turning silver into coppers, for the students who already sported red ribbons, to lay down their double contribution on the final line.

The drive was completed in less time than had originally been thought—in three days, instead of in four—and this in spite of a drenching downpour during the first day.

This "Mile of Pennies for Bren Guns" was the third this year of McGill students' successful campaigns for the War Effort, following closely upon the Salvage Drive and the Military Tatoo. These three have been widely publicized throughout Canada, in the metropolitan and college press; and over the radio, as "spectacular methods" for completing their contribution to the nation's resources.

Naval Courses Toronto Varsity

Toronto (C.U.P.). — Naval rating now to be seen on the University of Toronto campus are enrolled in the third course conducted by the University at the request of the Department of National Defence Naval Service. Lectures in the course are being delivered to the 75 members of the class by the staff of the Department of Phvsics.

For over a year now the Department of Physics has been active in the training of men for the fighting forces.

The first course given students selected by the Canadian Naval authorities for the Special Advanced Service was held last summer, and was made possible through the generosity of the Riverdale Kiwanis Club.

Early in 1940 the British Admiralty asked Canada to supply a number of scientists for the operation and maintenance of special scientific apparatus requiring a knowledge of advanced radio. Admiral Nelles offered to take 31 men in the Canadian Navy as lieutenants or sub-lieutenants for the Royal Navy, keeping them at Canadian Navy pay.

Of this group, one member, Pat Strathy, lost his life in action on the "Ajax," and another young man who also gave signal service, D. H. Robb, also of Toronto, died on the "Bonaventure" when it was torpedoed on convoy duty.

Aggies Clinch First Place in Interfac Rugby

George Stuart Coaches Championship Team

Winding up a quick season of interfac rugby, the Ag team played their third and last game on Tuesday, Oct. 28th. They beat the Arts-Com-Law, last year's champs, 11-0. This win makes them champs under the round-robin schedule drawn up earlier this year. It was a record-breaking team in many ways for the Ags, for in past years their teams have not been so fortunate.

This team's success is mainly due to the efforts of interested Ag members for the past year to get the faculty out of the slide in which it had let its sports get buried. Credit must be given to those who offered their services, and of them, George Stuart, as manager, deserve a large part.

Most of you, no doubt, remember the fine records the Aggies ran up last year to cop the Edmonton Bulletin trophy for interfac sports. Although their teams were not outstanding in any of the leagues, the fact that they were in the final play-offs of all the leagues showed that a new type of enthusiasm and playing spirit had been developed.

This year, with a well established idea of how a team should play, the Aggies soon had a functioning team. Last year it was said that the hardest hitting part of the team was their line. This season it was just as true. The line was the very ideal of what lines should be—heavy and evenly matched. Weights ran from 180 to 200 lbs. No weak spots here. The way in which they turned out for every practise did a lot to give the whole team confidence. It is interesting to note that over 75 per cent. of the line had never played before, but had been developed this and last year.

The backfield was a very smooth piece of coaching for Moe Hanson. With only five men to work with, he had to produce a backfield, and the resulting scores showed his ability. Every man played wide open to produce the best team the Ags have fielded in years. Let's hope that there will be more of them, not only from the Aggies, but from the other faculties.

Outdoor Club Scavenger Hunt

More than fifty outdoor-minded students gathered in the Arts rotunda on Friday evening, All Hallow's Eve, for the Outdoor Club scavenger hunt. The party was even more of a success than the hayride that the club held just a few weeks ago.

From the Arts Building the collegiates, in groups of six, started to hunt for such things as a wrapper off a can of "Aylmer" products, two apples, a Hallowe'en sucker, the words of the Hut-Sut song, 144 peanuts and the like. The treasure was found in all manner of places from ash cans to front doors. Why, one scavenger hunter even went so far as to bribe a tiny boy with a huge bag of edibles a nickel for 144 peanuts—that wasn't cricket, however.

Down in the Outdoor cabin, where the happy gang ended up, all was the spirit of Hallow's Eve. Gleaming pumpkins, garish devils, frightful witches on broom sticks and black cats all did their part to create atmosphere.

Perhaps the most fun of all was to see the different groups reach their goal with their treasure. For the idle spectator the sight of a hearty Joe College balancing a full glass of milk and trying to get down the Varsity ski hill, which proves difficult to us poor mortals when we have both hands for balance, would have been a sight worth seeing.

The scavengers proved they had their wits about them, for some clever group bought a package of salted peanuts and counted out 144. Instead of carrying six pieces of heavy firewood down to the cabin another group produced six matches. After all, the requirement was, quote, "six pieces of firewood," and who can say that a match is not a piece of firewood?

The most interesting of the prizes went to the group who arrived last. The first group received huge orange and black suckers on sticks a yard long. The late-comers, however, had the pleasure of bobbing for apples, much to the enjoyment of the whole crowd.

After enjoying weiners and buns, doughnuts and coffee, the crowd engaged in dancing and later gathered around a huge bonfire that the boys had built, to sing.

Already, with the scavenger hunt barely behind them, the members of the club executive are planning bigger and better parties. 'Tis rumored that President Neil Carr is planning to vacate his position in favor of a feminine leader, this week being Waw Waw Week. "Everything," says Neil, "should be run by the women and, anyway, I'd like to see them do it."

Many Seasoned Campaigners Will Bolster Ranks All Star Interfaculty Hockey League

League Promises to Display First Class Hockey

ORGANIZATION UNDER WAY

Judging by the talent now attending the University, the calibre of play in the Interfaculty Hockey Circuit this year should reach heights hitherto unattained. In the University at the present time are boys who have starred in many past hockey battles, battles that were waged on ice sheets all the way from Edmonton and other cities to the imposing Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto and the gigantic Pan-Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles. While participating in these games, those boys were fighting for trophies that represented, Provincial, Western Canada, Dominion and Intercollegiate hockey championships. Just look a few of them over.

Bud Chesney, Pat Costigan, George Stuart, Crowder, Bob Torrance, all were starry members of championship Halpenny cup squads in past years. All of these chaps have played some great hockey for the University, and can be counted upon to give support again this year.

Bruce McKay and Jack Simpson held down important assignments in E.A.C. junior teams, Abbot Cup winners and Memorial Cup finalists. The Memorial Cup represents the Junior Hockey Championship of the Dominion.

From Calgary comes Jack Quigley, erstwhile Stampeder, who comes here after a brilliant puck-chasing record with Ace Bailey's Toronto University team, the Eastern Intercollegiate champions.

Vic Kusyk, the spearhead of the Edmonton Junior Canadians' attack in 1939-40, is also to be numbered among the lucky "greats" of the campus.

And there are many others who press these fellows closely for honors. There is Lucien Lambert, John Coulter, Edmonton Maple Leafs, 1939-40; Jim Taylor, a Central Alberta performer; Frank Quigley, brother of Jack, and Bob Schrader, a Senior player last year, and in addition a mighty handy runner with Bob Fritz's Golden Bears this fall.

These are not all. There are other boys who played in the interfaculty league last year, and who will be out there to play again this season. Dutka, Hugo, Lemieux, Baker, Brimacombe, Ward, Brosseau, Clayton, Steed, Ryski, Harrison and others.

That lineup of players should bring to the realization of the student body that we have at the Cniversity this year some of the best hockey talent in the West. These fellows, under the supervision of Stan Moher, coach of championship E.A.C. and U. of A. squads, can be depended upon to produce a first rate brand of hockey, a brand of hockey that warrants solid support. When the league gets under way, let's see some real backing for the teams. Get out and fill that rink.

NOTICE

Any gander who wishes to join the others in the "jam session" Saturday afternoon, is very welcome to bring his instrument along and to join the other boys in the "jam" part of the program, which will take place after the entertainment. It will be pure and simple jam—so come on and join in.

REPORTED MISSING

Wing Commander Breese, formerly of Rosetown, Saskatchewan, graduated from the University of Alberta in Civil Engineering in 1932. In November, 1939, he joined the R.C.A.F. and went to Camp Borden. In May, 1940, he was Squadron Leader at Jericho Beach, Vancouver. Upon going overseas, he was made Wing Commander, and now is reported missing.

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